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# THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT  
WEEKLY

50c a Year.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1900.

NO. 39.

## THE CITIZEN

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THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

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### IDEAS.

Spring term opens to-day—good idea to be on hand promptly!

Read our farm items on the last page and plan to get more out of the land than ever before this year.

The Lightning will strike Mar. 19th. The deferred lecture by Prof. Favour, illustrated by much expensive apparatus, will be given that night. "May I be there to see."

One woman has made forty dollars by the products of her loom sold to Berea College for the education of her children. Better raise a good crop of flax this year, and keep your wool for the factory at the fireside.

The Spring Term of Berea College opens March 14th.

There will be a continuous teachers' Institute for young people who desire teacher's certificates at the spring examinations. One term of Berea is equal to a whole year at many schools. It will pay you to attend this spring.

### Foreign News.

The insurgents in Luzon have been renewing activities, and have killed several American soldiers. Generals Hood and Young have asked for reinforcements.

British cavalry engaged a force of Boers near Driefontein, Saturday. Both sides suffered severe losses. The Boers retreated, leaving over one hundred dead on the field, and the British resumed their advance on Bloefontein.

It is reported that President Kruger has suggested peace terms which have been rejected. The Boer forces are disorganized; and the British have seized the crossing of the Orange River at Norval's Pont.

A terrible famine is raging in India owing to a drouth last summer and failure to raise crops. The missionaries are imploring the people of America to send them assistance until they can raise another crop. All contributions from five cents up thankfully received. One dollar, the missionaries write, will keep a man alive twenty days. All contributions should be sent to Louis Klopek, Christian Herald Bible House, New York.

### National News.

Mr. Lindsay, of Kentucky, spoke in the Senate in favor of free trade with Puerto Rico.

A number of new cotton mill companies were organized in the southern states last week.

At Cynthiana, Kentucky, great number of business people were fined for selling cigarettes to minors, the court assessing each \$10 and cost.

500 negroes gathered at Athens, Ga. the other day, having the understanding that they were to get free transportation to the Mississippi Valley.

Forty seven bodies have been recovered from the Red Ash mine at at Fire Creek, W. Va. It is thought that a few still remain unbound.

### Kentucky News.

The Kentucky General Assembly adjourned Tuesday.

Kentucky is affected by a cattle quarantine proclamation issued by the Governor of Kansas.

The burial of Mr. Goebel occurred Monday afternoon; the General Assembly holding memorial services in the morning.

Geo. W. Drake, the famous mountain detective, was killed last Thursday night by Will St. John in a blind tiger at Torrent, in Powell county. James Ford, who was with Drake, was also killed—Mt. Vernon Signal.

Caleb Powers and John Davis remain in jail at Lexington. A guard has been placed around the Capital Hotel, in Frankfort in order to break up any attempt to seize Beckham. Taylor has published a review of the whole contest for governor.

### Locals and Personals.

Frank Pigg left for Tuscola, Ill. Monday.

Hay and corn are very scarce and much in demand.

Extra fine correspondence paper at the Printing Office.

Mrs. Frost spent Sunday in Oberlin with her children.

Dr. Davis reports a new case of smallpox at Dreyfus, George Morton.

All kinds of school supplies, except text books, at the Printing Office.

The article on the closing exercises has been crowded to the last page of this issue.

E. M. Embury, editor of the Rambler, and James White, of Richmond, were here Saturday.

W. H. Webster left for Beattyville Saturday to visit his nephew. He returned Monday.

Mrs. Hannah Allen left for Clay county last Thursday to look after her property there.

The Times-Journal, Campbellsville, put on airs last week by coming out printed on blue paper.

Dr. Davis left for St. Louis yesterday to visit some of his medical student friends at that place.

We are glad to note that Mrs. F. E. Matheny, who is in Laramie, Wyo., for her health, is improving.

H. Y. Bohon, representing the McCormick Machine Co., has been doing business in our city the past week.

Dillard McGuire, a well known merchant formerly of Goochland, died near Louisville, of smallpox, last week.

Misses Sallie Barbee and Mary Merritt are spending the vacation at Miss Merritt's home in Possum Kingdom.

Miss Maggie Bradenburgh, our correspondent from Buck Creek, and her sister Miss Jennie were visiting in Berea last week.

The Misses Rogers, Gouffon, and Bowling entertained a number of their young friends at Ladies Hall last Monday evening.

Messrs. C. M. White, John Walker, Fee Broadus, and J. C. Burnam were the guests of Mrs. Alfred Titus, at tea last Thursday evening.

Misses Mamie, Jennie, and Annie, and Mr. Charles Hanson received quite a number of young people at their home Friday and Saturday evenings of last week.

The annex Sunday-school tendered a reception to Pres. and Mrs. Frost at Ladies Hall last Thursday evening. Several of the teachers and students were present also.

Any one having news items of any kind will add much to the general interest of the Citizen by leaving the same at this office or with any one connected with the paper.

H. W. Coddington writes from Purdue University, that he is much pleased with his course in engineering, and that he is comfortably established in the Y. M. C. A. Building.

Mr. James Simpson and Mrs. Walker, the young widow of William Walker, were married on last Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at the home of the groom's mother. Rev. R. H. Monday officiated.

Misses Tessie Watkins, Bessie Irvine, and Pocahontas McBain, together with their gentleman friends, were entertained by Miss Laura White at her home Wednesday evening. Refreshments, toasts and games were the order of the evening.

Special religious meetings have been held in Berea beginning Saturday night and closing Tuesday night, and conducted by Rev. Lechlore and Mrs. Reeves, who have been missionaries in China and Thibet. They were considered by some as "Setters forth of strange doctrines," but the great blessing of the services has come from a deeper realization of the truths which all Christians believe. It is a good preacher who teaches us to desire to be better than we are, to ask God for larger blessings, and to sing from the heart:

Lord lift me up and make me stand,  
By faith on heaven's table-land,  
On higher plane than I have found—  
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

## A PROCLAMATION OF

ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter  
Season in Men's and Boys' Fine  
Stylish Made

## CLOTHING!

We are prepared to cloth you with the Lowest priced, rightly made, absolutely all-wool Clothing in America. Rightly-made, as it is of famous "Vitals" Brand the only ready-to-wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear-resisting, because the inside, the "Vitals," the very life of the garment, is carefulness in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready-to-wear Clothing. The Fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

## LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nut-shell.

## COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - KENTUCKY

E. W. Baker, of Wallaceston, was a caller at this office last Saturday.

Miss Nannie Tudor, who has served a successful term on the College Faculty, returned to her home in Richmond last Saturday.

Mrs. A. D. Flora, a well known and much respected lady of Richmond, died Saturday morning from the effect of an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner, of New York, have given Oberlin College the sum of \$50,000 for the erection of a men's gymnasium.

The alumni, former students, and friends of Oberlin College are invited through the Trustees and Faculty of the college to a reunion, June 22—27. Great preparations are being made for its success.

War costs money.—Great Britains army estimates, issued last week, shows total expenditure of \$307,407,000 an increase over last year of \$122,646,600. The total number of officers and men is placed at 430,000 an increase over last year of 245,147.

The small pox epidemic at College Hill and Waco, having abated, the shotgun quarantine established by the Estill county authorities against those infected districts have been removed, and traffic and travel have been resumed. In all, fifty-three cases were reported at College Hill, and two deaths Prof. John Edwards and Miss Fritz.

### Loyal to Berea and Pres. Frost.

The following resolutions were adopted at a very enthusiastic meeting held near the end of the winter term:

We, the mountain students of Berea College, at a mass meeting held March 7th, 1900, adopt the following resolutions:

1st. RESOLVED, that Pres. Wm. G. Frost, by his firm stand in support of the principles of the college, by his never waning interest in our welfare, by the untiring energy which he has shown in the great self-sacrificing labor which he is doing for us, has proved himself to be our true and devoted friend.

2nd. RESOLVED, that we highly appreciate his earnest labors, thank him with profound sincerity, and give to him our hearty love and respect for his kind and unselfish devotion to the interest of the mountain people.

3d. RESOLVED, that we will earnestly endeavor to make the most of every opportunity that is given to us, prove ourselves loyal to the College, and in every way strive to make ourselves worthy of the labor, love, and confidence of its President.

4th. RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to President Frost as a token of our love and appreciation.

Unanimously adopted.  
JAS. M. COMBS Chairman.  
TAYLOR P. GABBAR, Sec.

Several letters and other testimonials from northern and colored students show that our President is appreciated as well by them as by the students from the mountains.

### Married.

Our people enjoyed a pleasant surprise last week in the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Auverne Mann and Miss Lunetta Burdette, which occurred last Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents. The bride is well known to our people being the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Burdette. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Mann, of Lindenville, Ohio. He has been attending school in Berea the past two terms, and has, by his pleasant and sociable manner, won many friends among the students, teachers, and citizens. A few intimate friends and relatives were present to witness the ceremony. President Frost, with brief and well chosen words officiated. The occasion was a happy and joyous one and all hoped that the entire life of the newly wedded couple would continue as full of happiness. Refreshments were served and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Quite a number of fine presents were received.

### A Pair of Baby Shoes.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys," said a drummer to several companions as they settled down in a smoking car and passed the bottle. "The fact is boys, I've quit drinking. I've sworn off."

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you've quit drinking something is up. What is it?"

"Well boys I will tell you. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes and looking as hard as if he had not seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in hand. He unwrapped and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.'"

"And boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes—little things with the bottoms only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, she won't, because she's dead. She's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show case and wept like a child. 'Boys,' continued the drummer, 'you may laugh if you please, but I-I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never drink another drop.' —E.E.

### Maple Syrup.

Any one desiring to get maple syrup or sugar will do well to order through Chapin Bros. The very best quality at a low price.



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Are the Most Stylish  
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Are the Most Perfect

Are for Young and Old  
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Nature Intended

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Let us know and we will send you designs and prices

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At prices to suit the times. Material and work first-class.

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## WORMS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE!

For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. **EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.**  
Prepared by **JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.**  
Sold by S. E. WELCH, Jr. 1-17-01

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THE CITIZEN

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Telephone, Residence, No 62, Office, No 60.  
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS by unknown concerns offering cheap machines under various names, with various claims. We sell different makes and grades of Sewing Machines at \$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$45.00, \$50.00, \$55.00, \$60.00, \$65.00, \$70.00, \$75.00, \$80.00, \$85.00, \$90.00, \$95.00, \$100.00, \$105.00, \$110.00, \$115.00, \$120.00, \$125.00, \$130.00, \$135.00, \$140.00, \$145.00, \$150.00, \$155.00, \$160.00, \$165.00, \$170.00, \$175.00, \$180.00, \$185.00, \$190.00, \$195.00, \$200.00, \$205.00, \$210.00, \$215.00, \$220.00, \$225.00, \$230.00, \$235.00, \$240.00, \$245.00, \$250.00, \$255.00, \$260.00, \$265.00, \$270.00, \$275.00, \$280.00, \$285.00, \$290.00, \$295.00, \$300.00, \$305.00, \$310.00, \$315.00, \$320.00, \$325.00, \$330.00, \$335.00, \$340.00, \$345.00, \$350.00, \$355.00, \$360.00, \$365.00, \$370.00, \$375.00, \$380.00, \$385.00, \$390.00, \$395.00, \$400.00, \$405.00, \$410.00, \$415.00, \$420.00, \$425.00, \$430.00, \$435.00, \$440.00, \$445.00, \$450.00, \$455.00, \$460.00, \$465.00, \$470.00, \$475.00, \$480.00, \$485.00, \$490.00, \$495.00, 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# THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, : : : KENTUCKY.

An American woman living in Manila writes that the two greatest deprivations that she and her American friends have to undergo are fresh fruit and sweet milk. There is no berry of any sort to be had and no small fruit. There are plenty of bananas, but they have an insipid taste.

The present population of the province of Tumang, Peru, is 5,000 souls, in sad contrast with its former prosperity, when 100 miles of canal on either bank of that river furnished occupation for 80,000 agriculturists alone. Vestiges of roads and aqueducts are found throughout the country.

Senator Harris, a member of the committee on privileges and elections, rarely speaks out in meeting. Days pass without a comment falling from the lips of the Kansas statesman. He is said to be even taciturn among his close friends. Senator Harris was born in London county, Va., and was graduated at Columbian college.

The population of India is about four times that of the United States, while the latter has about double the area of the former. The bulk of the people are employed in agriculture. Each man rears, generally, but a few acres. There are, of course, occasional large plantations run by a rich man or Rajah, but they are exceptional.

Some curious secrets as to matrimony are seen in the following statistics: May and November are the most marrying months. Fewer people are married in March than in any other month. When bachelors marry widows the widow is generally the older, but when widowers marry maidens the maid is usually the younger.

Sunny Slope, Cal., enjoys the distinction of being the largest vineyard in the world. It is situated amid the most beautiful scenery of that favored land, two miles from San Gabriel. Of a total of 1,900 acres, 735 are devoted to grape vine, the remainder being distributed among orange trees (of which there are 12,000), lemon and olive trees.

The first electric launch to be used in the canals of Venice, Italy, has been delivered from England. The launch, which is called the Alessandro Volta, will accommodate fifty passengers. Its length is about fifty-six feet and width ten feet. It is equipped with a storage battery of 100 cells and will travel at a speed of about nine miles an hour.

In Berlin the police authorities control many little things about which the police of American cities would not concern themselves once in a thousand years. Three courts decided recently that if the Berlin police judged any particular color scheme of a house to be improper or too gaudy or in bad taste, otherwise they could order the painter to change it.

No member of the house is more particular with his correspondence than Representative Bradley, of New York. He makes it a point to answer every letter the same day it is received. The letters he receives are carefully filed away. He believed in preserving all correspondence no matter how insignificant, for, as he says, it often happens that what may appear as a trifling note may at some time be of great value in more ways than one.

After nearly half a century of newspaper and literary work in this country Mrs. Jennie June Croly will soon leave for England, the land of her birth, where she intends to pass the remaining years of her life. Mrs. Croly began her newspaper work in New York in 1855, was one of the founders of Sorosis in 1868, was twice elected president of that organization and in 1880 founded and became president of the woman's press club.

Sir Isaac Pitman invented the "vegetarian bed," composed not of feathers, but of mosses, ferns, flowers and hay. This bedding material, commended as healthy and health-giving by many doctors and others, has become famous in vegetarian circles, and deserves to be more widely known. "It smells like ozone," is the testimony of more than one physician, and many say that sleeping upon it "gives rest to brain and mind."

Coal and wood will be superseded by electricity in the twentieth century kitchen. The electric oven bakes bread ideally, and meats prepared by it do not require watching or basting, while broiling or frying may be done in superior style. The electric chafing dish is attachable to an ordinary light wire; the current is turned and immediately the cysters begin to stew or the eggs to fry. In the electric kitchen there will be no coal, no ashes, no smoke, no fuel, and not even a battery.

Not many authors have had a larger income from their books than the celebrated English author, John Ruskin. For the past thirteen years his copyrights brought him an average of \$20,000 a year. They must continue a valuable property, though the earlier writings will, of course, be anybody's in seven years. A careful estimate shows that Ruskin's best selling book has been "Sesame and Lilies." After it would come "A Crown of Wild Olive," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Unto This Last."

## MY FARMER LAD.

We may be poor in worldly goods,  
My farmer lad and I,  
But I am one who envies none  
That live beneath the sky.

I never sailed a foreign sea,  
Nor trod an alien shore,  
But who has soul to read the whole  
That lies about his door?

The wind that ripples through the wheat,  
The shadows in the brook,  
The flight of birds; they all are words  
In God's great spelling book.

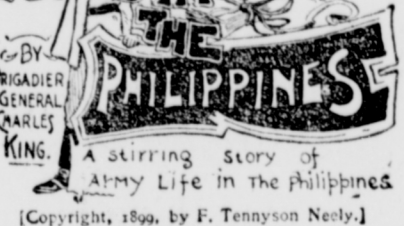
And these are ours, to love and learn,  
Although our farm is small;  
The best things need no title deed,  
The sunshine is for all.

Beside our hearthstone dwells content;  
No luxuries have we;  
If I am glad to please my lad,  
It is enough for me.

Two sturdy little folks are mine;  
Who romp and laugh and grow;  
One stops her play, to come and say:  
"Mamma, I love you so!"

Their father pauses, hie in hand,  
To watch his darlings, too.  
Come kiss me, lad, my heart is glad  
While I have them and you.

—Penny Peirce Iddings, in Farm Journal.



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## CHAPTER III.

A day had dawned on the Presidio Heights as brilliant as its predecessor had been dismal. A soft south wind had kept the fogs of the Pacific far out to sea and cleared the summer sky of every wisp of vapor. The sun of early August shone hot and strong upon the sandy wastes between the western limits of the division camps and the foamy strand beneath the low bluffs, and beat upon the canvas homes of the rejoicing soldiery, slacking cloth and cordage so that the trim tent lines had become broken and jagged, thereby setting the teeth of "Old Squeers" on edge as he gazed grimly from under the brim of his unsightly felt hat and called for his one faithful henchman, the orderly. Even his adjutant could not condone the regimental commander's objectionable traits, for a crustier old villain of a veteran lived not in the line of the army. "Old Canker" the troopers had dubbed him during the few years he had served in the cavalry, transplanted from a foot regiment at the time of the reorganization, so-called, of the army in '71; but a few years of mounted duty in Arizona and later in the Sioux country had sickened him of cavalry life and he gladly accepted a chance to transfer back to the infantry. Now, 20 years after, risen by degrees to the grade of lieutenant-colonel, he found himself in command of a famous old regiment of regulars, whose colonel had donned the stars of a general officer of volunteers, and the pet name—save the mark—of cavalry days had given place to the unflattering sobriquet derived from that horror of boyish readers—the ill-favored schoolmaster of Dotheboys hall. He had come to the—teeth with a halo of condemnation from the regiment in which he had served as major and won his baleful name, and "the boys" of his command soon learned to like him even less than those who had dubbed him "Squeers," because, as they explained, there wasn't any privilege or pleasure he would not "do the boys" out of if he possibly could. Gordon had promptly tendered his resignation as regimental adjutant when his beloved colonel left the post to report for duty in the army destined for Cuba, but Lieut.-Col. Canker declined to accept it, and fairly told Gordon that, as he hadn't a friend among the subalterns, there was no one else to take it. Then, too, the colonel himself added a word or two and settled the matter.

A big review had been ordered for the morning. An entire brigade of sturdy volunteers was already forming and marching out by battalions to their regimental parades, the men showing in their easy stride and elastic carriage the effects of two months' hard drill and gradually increasing discipline. The regulars were still out in the park, hidden by the dense foliage and busy with their company drills. The adjutant and clerk were at their papers in the big office tent, and only the sentries, the sick and the special duty men remained about the body of camp. There was no one, said Private Noonan to himself, as he paced the pathway in front of the colonel's tent, after having scrupulously saluted him on his appearance: "No wan for the old man to whack at, barrin' it's me," but even Canker could find nothing to "whack at" in this veteran soldier who had served in the ranks since the days of the great war and had borne the messages of such men as Sheridan, Thomas and McPherson when Canker himself was sweating under his knapsack and musket. Like most men, even most objectionable men, Canker had some redeeming features, and that was one of them—he had been a private soldier, and a brave one, too, and was proud of it.

But life had little sunshine in it for one of his warped, ill-conditioned nature. There was a profound conviction in the minds of the company officers that the mere sight of happiness or content in the face of a subordinate was more than enough to set Canker's wits to work to wipe it out. There was no doubt whatever in the minds of the subalterns that the main reason why Squeers was so manifestly "down on" Billy Gray was the almost indestructible expression of good nature, jollity and enthusiasm that had shown in the little fellow's face ever since he joined the regiment. "If we call the old man Squeers we should dub Billy Mark Tom-

ley," said Gordon one day, when the lad had laughed off the effect of an unusually acrimonious rasping over a trivial error in the guard report book. "He's no end kind when a fellow's in a fix," said Gray, in explanation, "and all the time he was soaking me I was thinking how he stood by Jimmy Carson in his scrape"—a serious scrape it was, too, for young Carson, detailed to escort certain prisoners to Alcatraz and entrusted with certain funds to be turned over to the chief quartermaster of the department, had unaccountably fallen into a deep sleep aboard the train and awoke to find both funds and prisoners gone. Explanations were useless. The commanding general would listen to no excuse; a court-martial was ordered, and a very worthy young officer's military career seemed about to close under a cloud, when "Old Canker" threw himself into the breach. He had long suspected the sergeant who had accompanied the party in immediate command of the little guard. He hated the commanding general with all his soul, and how it came about no one could thoroughly explain, but one day Canker turned up with indubitable proof that the sergeant was the thief—that he was bribed to bring about the escape of the prisoners, and that he had drugged the fresh spring water he brought in to the young officer after the burning heat of the desert was left behind in the dead of the summer night. Canker even recovered most of the stolen money, for there was a woman in the case, and she had safely stowed it away. Carson was cleared and Canker triumphant. "See what the man can do when his sense of justice is aroused," said the optimists of the army. "Justice be blowed," answered the cynics. "He never would have raised his finger to help Carson but for the joy of proving the general unjust, and a regimental pet, the sergeant—a thief."

Yet Gray reverted to this episode as explanation of his tolerance of Canker's harshness and thereby gave rise to a rejoinder from the lips of a veteran company commander that many a fellow was destined to recall before the regiment was two months older: "In order to settle it, somebody's got to find his life or his commission in jeopardy. Maybe it'll be you, Billy, and I'm betting you won't find Squeers a guardian angel."

Yet on this sunshiny summer morning, with hope and sunshine and confidence in his handsome, boyish face, Lieut. Gray came bounding up to the presence of the regimental commander as though that sour-visaged soldier were an indulgent uncle who could not say him nay. A stylish open carriage in which were two remarkably pretty girls and a gray-haired, slender gentleman, had reined up in the street opposite the entrance to the row of officers' tents and Canker had ripped open his watch, with an ugly frown on his forehead, for three of his companies had just marched in from drill, and three of their young lieutenants, on the instant of dismissal, had made straight for the vehicle and he half-hopped to find they had lopped off a minute or so of the allotted hour. The sound of merry laughter seemed to grate on his ears. The sight of Gray's beaming face seemed to deepen the gloom in his own. Instinctively he knew the youngster had come to ask a favor and he stood ready to refuse.

"Colonel, I'd like mightily to go over and see that review this morning, sir; and Mr. Prime is good enough to offer me a seat in his carriage. May I go, sir?"

"You can't go anywhere, sir, with the tents of your company in that disgraceful condition. Just look at them, sir! ragged as a wash line on a windy day." And Canker scowled angrily at the young fellow standing squarely at attention before him.

"I know that, colonel, but the sun did that while we were out at drill, and the men will straighten everything in ten minutes. I'll give the order now, sir." And Billy looked as though refusal were out of the question.

"You'll stay and see it done, sir, and when it's done—to my satisfaction—will be time enough to ask for favors. Mr. Gordon, send word to the company commanders I wish to see them here at once," continued the senior officer, whirling on his heel and terminating the interview by so doing. It was in Gray's mind for a brief minute to follow and plead. He had made it tell many a time with an obstinate university don, but he knew the carriage was waiting—the carriage load watching, and deep down in his heart there was keen disappointment. He would have given a big slice of his monthly pay to go with that particular party and occupy the seat opposite Amy Lawrence and gaze his fill at her fair face. He well-nigh hated Squeers as he hurried away to hail his first sergeant and give the necessary orders before daring to return to the carriage and report his failure. His bright blue eyes were clouded and his face flushed with vexation, for he saw that the rearmost regiment was even now filing into the Presidio reservation afar off to the north, and that no time was to be lost if his friends were to see the review. The distant measured boom of guns told that the general in whose honor the ceremony was ordered was already approaching the spot, and away over the rolling uplands toward the Golden Gate a cavalry escort rode into view. Billy ground his teeth. "Run and tell them I cannot get leave," he called to a fellow sub. "Squeers has set me to work straightening up camp. Turn out the company, sergeant! Brace the tent cords and align tents!" and a mournful wave of his forage cap was the only greeting he dare trust himself to give, as after a few minutes of fruitless waiting, the vacant seat was given to another officer and the carriage rolled rapidly away. A second or two it was hidden from his sight behind the large wall tents along the line of fence, then shot into full view again as he stood at the end of the company street look-

ing eagerly for its reappearance. And then occurred a little thing that was destined to live in his memory for many a day, and that thrilled him with a new and strange delight. He had never been of the so-called "spooney" set at the "varsity." Pretty girls galore there were about that famous institute, and he had dined at many a student party and romped through many a reel, but the nearest he had ever come to something more than a mere jolly friendship for a girl was the regard in which he held his partner in the "mixed doubles," but that was all on account of her exuberant health, spirits, general comeliness of face and form, and exquisite skill in tennis. But this day a new and eager longing was eating at his heart; a strange, dull pang seemed to seize upon it as he noted in a flash that the seat that was to have been his was occupied by an officer many years his senior, a man he knew only by sight and an enviable reputation, a man whose soldierly, clean-cut face never turned an instant, for his eyes were fixed upon a lovely picture on the opposite seat—Amy Lawrence bending eagerly forward and gazing with her beautiful eyes alight with sympathy, interest and frank liking in search of the sorely disappointed young officer. "There he is!" she cried, though too far away for him to hear, and then, with no more thought of coquetry than a kitten, with no more motive in the world than that of conveying to him an idea of her sorrow, her sympathy, her perhaps pardonable and exaggerated indignation at what she deemed an act of tyranny on the part of his commander, with only an instant in which to convey it all—her sweet face flushed and her eyes flamed with the light of her girlish enthusiasm—in that instant she had kissed her hand to him, and then Col. Armstrong, turning suddenly and sharply to see who could be the object of interest so absorbing, caught one fitting glimpse of Billy Gray lifting his cap in quick acknowledgment, and the words that were on the tip of Armstrong's tongue the moment before were withheld for a more auspicious occasion—and it did not come too soon.

It was only four days after that initial meeting in the general's tent the foggy evening of the girl's first visit to camp, but both in city and in the tented field there had been several occasions on which the colonel had been in conference with Mr. Prime and in company with the young ladies.



It thrilled him with a new and strange delight.

Junior officers had monopolized the time and attention of the latter, but Armstrong was a close observer and a man who loved all that was strong, high-minded and true in his own sex, and that was pure and sweet and winsome in woman. A keen soldier, he had spent many years in active service, most of them in the hardy, eventful and vigorous life on the Indian frontier. He had been conspicuous in more than one stirring campaign against the red warriors of the plains, had won his medal of honor before his first promotion, and his captaincy by brevet for daring conduct in action long antedated the right to wear the double bars of that grade. He had seen much of the world, at home and abroad; had traveled much, read much, thought much, but these were things of less concern to him than the question as to whether he had ever loved much. Certain it was he had never married, but that didn't settle it. Many a man loves, said they, without getting married, forgetful of the other side of the proposition advanced by horrid regimental cynics, that many men marry without getting loved. Armstrong would not have proved an easy man to question on that, or indeed on any other subject which he considered personal to himself. Even in his own regiment in the regular service he had long been looked upon as an exclusive sort of fellow—a man who had no intimates and no many companions, yet, officers and soldiers, he held the respect and esteem of the entire command, even of those whom he kept at a distance, and few were the regiments in which there are not one or two characters who are not best seen and studied through a binocular. Without being sympathetic, said his critics, Armstrong was "square," but his critics had scant means of knowing whether he was sympathetic or not. He was a steadfast fellow, an unswerving, uncompromising sort of man, a man who would never have done for a diplomat, and could never have been elected to office. But he was truthful, just, and as the English officer reluctantly said of Lucan, whom he hated: "Yes—damn him—he is brave." The men whom he did not seem to like in the army and who disliked him accordingly, were compelled to admit, to themselves at least, that their reasons were comprised in the above-recorded, regrettable, but unmistakable fact—he didn't like them. Another trait, unpopular, was that he knew when and how to say no. He smoked too much, perhaps, and talked too little for those who would use his words as weapons against him. He never gambled, he

rarely drank, he never lent nor borrowed. He was a bachelor, yet would never join a "mess," but kept house himself and usually had some favored comrade living with him. He was 40 and did not look 35. He was tall, erect, athletic, hardy and graceful in build, and his face was one of the best to be seen in many a line of officers at parade. His eyes were steel gray and clear and penetrating, his features clear-cut, almost too delicately cut, thought some of the best friends he had among the men. His hair was brown, sprinkled liberally with silver; his mouth, an admirable mouth in every way, was shaded and half-hidden by a long, drooping mustache to which, some men thought and some women said, his tapering white fingers paid too much attention, but I doubt if a knowledge of this criticism would have led to the faintest alteration in the habit. Generally the expression of Armstrong's face was grave, and on duty a trifle stern; and not ten people in the world were aware that humor could twinkle in the clear, keen eyes, or twitch about the corners of that mobile mouth. There were no five who knew the tenderness that lay in hiding there, for Armstrong had few living kindred and they were men. There lived not, as he drove this glorious August morning to the breezy uplands beyond the camps, one woman who could say she had seen those eyes of Armstrong's melt and glow with love. As for Amy Lawrence, she was not dreaming of such a thing. She was not even looking at him. Her thoughts at the moment were drifting back to that usually light-hearted boy who stood gazing so disconsolately after them as they drove away, her eyes were intent upon an approaching group that presently reclaimed her wandering thoughts.

Coming up Point Lobos avenue strode a party of four—all soldiers. One of these, wild-eyed, bareheaded, disheveled, his clothing torn, his wrists lashed behind him, walked between two armed guards. The fourth, a sergeant, followed at their heels. Miss Lawrence had just time to note that the downcast face was dark and oval and refined, when it was suddenly uplifted at sound of the whirling carriage wheels. A light of recognition, almost of terror, flashed across it, and with one bound the prisoner sprang from between his guards, dove almost under the noses of the startled team, and darted through the wide open doorway of a corner saloon. He was out of sight in a second.

[To Be Continued.]

## Puzzling Orders.

A chemist is making a collection of the queer orders he receives from people who send children to the store for things they need. Here are a few samples of them: "This child is my little girl. I send you a penny to buy two saltless powders for a grown up adult who is sick." Another reads: "Dear daughter, please give bearer pennies worse of Auntie Toxyn for to garble babi's throte, and oblige." An anxious mother writes: "You will please give the little boy pennies worth of opiate for to throw up in a five months' old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stomach." This one puzzled the druggist: "I have a cue pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it." Another anxious mother wrote: "My little baby has cut up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the inclosed little girl." The writer of this one was evidently in pain: "I haf a hot time in my insides and wiah I woid like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The inclosed sixpence is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry, please."—Pearson's Weekly.

## The First He'd Seen.

A captain in a regiment stationed in Natal when paying his company the other day happened to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears the image and superscription of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown." The officer took the coin without looking at it, rang it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?" "You look at it, sir," was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man. It will pass in the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's all right, sir, it is all right; but it's the first time I've seen the queen with whiskers!"—London Answers.

## A Woman's Tear.

The tears of lovely woman had been a mystery through the ages, but James Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, determined that the secret should be a secret no longer. One day he saw a tear slipping down a lady's cheek and instantly sought to catch it in a small vial which he carried constantly with him. One-half the precious drop escaped, but, having preserved the other half, Mr. Smithson submitted it to reagents, and next day published to the world the fact that it was simply microcosmic salt, with muriate of soda and three or four saline substances held in solution.—Youth's Companion.

## Where the Trouble Lay.

"Do you think you can clear him?" asked the devoted wife of the lawyer. "I hope so, ma'am," replied the lawyer, "but I'm afraid—"

"Why, he has lived here all his life," she interrupted, "and knows every one."

"Yes, and every one knows him," rejoined the lawyer. "That's what worries me."—Chicago Daily News.

## Locating the Storm.

Benedict (with glance at the heavens as they are leaving the club at two a. m.)—I feel it in my bones that there is a storm brewing.

Bachelor—That's a sensation that we bachelors know nothing about.—Boston Courier.

# Blood Humors Aro Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I always take Hood's Sarsaparilla in the Spring and it is the best blood purifier I know of." Miss PEABODY, Bloomington, Ind.

"Eruptions that came on my face have all disappeared since I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured my father of catarrh." ALPHEA HAMMILL, Bloomington, Ind.

"I had scrofula sores all over my back and face. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few weeks I could not see any sign of the sores." ORIN B. MOORE, Mount Hope, Wis.

## SCORE FOR THE MENU.

He Gussed at the French and Struck Nothing But Eggs and Toothpicks.

Gilson—Next time I take a girl to a French restaurant I won't be all-fired smooth. I don't care a darn whether she believes I talk French in my sleep and take a French newspaper, or whether she thinks I don't know a French poodle from a dachshund! Willets—What's the matter now? "Last night I thought I'd go right down the card and pick out something every couple of inches I'd strike it about right. If there's one thing I can't eat it's hen fruit. Well, the first course we got was soup with a dropped egg in it." "Well, you didn't have to eat it!" "The next prize package I drew was a plain omelette. I fought shy of it and said I was waiting for the real solid dishes." "Yes." "Well, next I got eggs broiled in butter and then egg sandwiches! I couldn't play off forever, and I had to eat 'em." "Then old chap!" "Then I got mad and jumped clear to the last thing on the list for dessert. And what do you think the waiter brought us? Toothpicks!"—N. Y. Press.

"Oh, How Happy I Am." Writes Mrs. Archie Young, 1817 Oaks Ave., West Superior, Wis.: "I am once more free from that terrible Neuritis pain I had been suffering with over five years. I am so thankful, and pleased to say your '5 DROPS' is the best medicine I ever got in my life. I received it last November, used it right away, the first dose helped me. Many a day I thought I would die before my husband returned from his labor. Since I am free from pain many of my friends are surprised, and say they will send for some of the '5 DROPS'. Sample bottles will be sent to anyone on receipt of 25c. Large bottles, containing 300 doses, \$1.00. For information write, Swanston Rheumatic Cure Co., 164 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

No Wonder They Fled. An authority upon chemistry was lecturing before a well-known woman's club and illustrating his remarks with experiments. All went well until he paused a moment and then said: "I'm very sorry, but I must ask any of the ladies who use face powder containing bismuth to leave the room during this experiment, as the gases I am about to set free have a peculiar affinity for bismuth and turn it purple." Whereupon the entire audience save three courageous sisters rose and fled from the room.—St. Paul Globe.

To California Quickly and Comfortably.

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P. M., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:50 P. M., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western Ry. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wee are the people—the Bushmen.—Yale Record.

# Working Women

are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for free advice about their health. Mrs. Pinkham is a woman.

If you have painful periods, backaches or any of the more serious ills of women, write to Mrs. Pinkham; she has helped multitudes. Your letter will be sacredly confidential.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is known wherever the English language is spoken.

Nothing else can possibly be so sure to help suffering women. No other medicine has helped so many.

Remember this when something else is suggested.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Her helping hand is always outstretched to suffering women.

Top Snap Complete Double Street 19.95 GUNS FISH TACKLE PORTLAND CEMENT CO. and many other things.







### The Close of the Term.

Berea College closed, perhaps, the most successful term in its history by a public exhibition on Wednesday night, March 7th. The exercises were in charge of Prof. L. V. Dodge and the "B" Rhetorical Class.

The music was an interesting feature and to be commended for its variety as well as its excellence. The "A" Choral Class and the two Glee Clubs were greatly enjoyed, while the closing duet by Prof. and Mrs. Lodwick was a piece of rare excellence. The exercises throughout were of unusual merit, showing thought and being delivered in a natural and earnest manner.

W. D. Melvaine, of Oak Park, Ill., spoke earnestly on "The Responsibility of Young Americans."

Helen M. Hankins, of Pawnee City, Neb., read a graceful essay on "The Influence of Music."

Mary E. Merritt, of Berea, read a thoughtful piece on "What Woman Owe to Christianity."

Marion Frederick, of Ogle, Ky., gave an original poem entitled "Sublimity on Squabble Creek," which was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Charles Burdette, of Berea, spoke on "Kentucky Politics." It was his first appearance before so large an audience and he acquitted himself well.

The essay by Grace Lester on "The United States" was something original. Miss Lester was dressed to represent a Chinese lady and spoke as a foreigner might speak of the United States, referring especially to lynchings, strikes, and other disorders which would attract the attention of an outsider.

Harold H. Johnson, of New York City, gave a vivid description of the scene which he witnessed on the reception of Admiral Dewey.

Frances Berry, of Rockhold, Ky., presented her thoughts on "Woman's Position and Work." She repeated some things which have often been said in favor of woman's voting, but the strength and beauty of her essay was expended upon the work which woman alone can do in the home and school.

James E. Ewers, of Fredericktown, O., and James M. Racer, of Xenia, O., gave orations on kindred subjects, showing the two sides of the same topic, Mr. Ewers' title being "A Creature of Circumstances," and Mr. Racer's "A Creator of Circumstances." Both orations were marked by genuine and vigorous thought.

Miss Ellen M. Click, of Mulberry Gap, Tenn., read an original story called "Jim's Return," which was out of the ordinary line of school exercises and showed real literary skill.

The last oration, on Wm. E. Gladstone, was given by Raymond Earl Paddock, of Superior, Wis. Overcoming a little difficulty at the beginning, Mr. Paddock spoke with force and earnestness.

The audience was crowded and enthusiastic. Many were standing during the entire program and yet they were willing to stand longer and endure the music. In fact we think they would have endured some of the literary exercises if they had supposed the speakers were prepared to give another round!

At the close President Frost made a few appreciative remarks on the merit of the exercises, saying that the young people who did well in such things would do well in all their other undertakings. He also spoke of his anticipation of the time when he could live in Berea and be a companion of the students.

Such an exercise sent the great audience home with pleasant and inspiring thoughts, and the reports of it will bring cheer to many distant homes from which our students come. So ends the Winter Term, and a new term begins to-day. The CITIZEN has a hearty word of congratulation to the young people who are marching on through education to honor and usefulness, and a sigh of regret for any young men or young women who do not join the procession.

### The Counties.

#### Rockcastle County.

**Withers.**

Mrs. Lydia Williams is visiting her parents on Clear Creek.

The saw mill of Owens & Co. has been shut down for a week.

Farmers are making preparations to sow oats and grass in this vicinity.

The mill dam of Geo. Griffin has been bought by a company of men, and has been torn out.

Johnson and Duley have bought the merchandise of W. C. Mullins at Mullins Station, and rented the store house. They will be ready for business by the 15th. The citizens of this place extend a hearty welcome to them.

To allay pains, subdue inflammation, heal foul sores and ulcers, the most satisfactory results are obtained by using **BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT**. Price, 25 cts. and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

#### Disputants.

J. T. Miller has been quite sick for several days.

Larkin Abner has sold his farm to T. D. Miller for \$450.

James Lowman has sold his farm to Frank Pennington.

Mrs. Lizzie B. Roberts has been quite sick for several days.

Misses L. F. and M. L. Miller went to Berea one day last week, on business.

W. T. Dooley has sold his stock of goods to T. C. Cress and will move to Mullins Station in a few days.

If your child is cross or peevish, it is no doubt troubled with worms. **WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE** will remove the worms, and its tonic effect restore its natural cheerfulness. Price, 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

#### Clay County.

##### Buck Creek.

H. H. Daily, of Jackson, was visiting here this week.

M. B. Garrett is repairing his fence on the old Bond farm.

J. R. Flannery and family were visiting here this week.

C. W. Brandenburg has gone to Beattyville on business.

L. M. Garret was in Richmond with a drove of cattle last week.

Carl Bell, of Virginia, is visiting his brother, M. C. Bell, here.

Aunt Mollie Gross died March 2nd and was buried at the Bond cemetery on the following Sunday.

W. C. Brandenburg was in Booneville last Monday. He reported a good crowd there but little business.

Much pain and uneasiness is caused by piles, sparing neither age nor sex. **TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT** cures the most obstinate cases. Price, 50 cts. in bottle, tubes 75c. S. E. Welch, Jr.

##### Ogle.

M. Harrold Frederick arrived home from Berea.

John Hubbard moved near Flat Lick recently.

Trigg Swafford is expecting a new lot of goods soon.

Bill Barley is moving to the head of the creek to-day.

Miss Dora Smith is visiting relatives here this week.

Several of the citizens of this vicinity attended court this week.

Thomas and Harry Delphs returned home from a visit to Washington Territory recently.

Thos. Frederick sold his land to Frank Frederick and bought a farm on the head of Buzzard Creek, where he moved last week.

The results of an over-indulgence in food or drink are promptly rectified, without pain or discomfort, by taking a few doses of **HERBINE**. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

### Bright Shade.

Miss Nellie Smith has been ill. The infant child of W. D. Mills is ill.

Andrew Manning visited his home recently.

Sampson Keen is very poorly with consumption.

Marcum and Malcum Smith have gone to Manchester.

Mrs. U. M. Mills is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

Miss Nancy Smith spent a week with her sister at Flat Lick.

Mrs. Cauds Smith spent a few days with her mother on Flat Creek.

Oliver Wagner is building a store room at the mouth of Big Johns Branch, on Goose Creek, and will soon have on a supply of goods.

Mr. Silas Wagers and Miss Lucy Webb; Mr. Liebhug Pane and Miss E. Barker, and Mr. Malcom Smith and Miss Ennis Smith were married last month.

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel "out of sorts" take **HERBINE**, it will brace you up. Price, 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

**Madison County.**

#### College Hill.

The wife and sister-in-law of Moses Hisle have been on the sick list.

Mrs. Ann Grinstead has lost several head of cattle from black-leg.

Miss Mary Crews, who has been ill for the last three months, is no better.

Mrs. Florence Laine and sister-in-law, Miss Anna Laine, went to Richmond Thursday.

Mrs. Mary J. Huguely the wife of George Huguely has been very ill, but is much improved.

A good crowd attended the "Cap." Webber sale last Saturday, and stock of all kinds brought good prices.

The smallpox is abating in this part of the county. There has been only one death so far; Mr. John Edwards.

**West Union.**

Walker Reynolds is visiting relatives in Jackson and Estill counties.

D. C. Alcorn and W. C. Reynolds went to Richmond Monday on business.

J. B. Parsons has gone on another preaching tour in the mountains.

Miss Susie Parsons entertained a number of young people at her home Saturday night.

J. W. Parsons came home Sunday, but left Monday for Tommie Clark's in Garrard county to do some surveying for him.

Misses Nettie and Myrtle Richardson, of Berea, have been visiting Miss Susie Parsons and Ollie Blanton of this place.

J. H. and W. C. Parsons went to Drip Rock, Saturday, and returned Sunday with two bright little girls, who will attend school at Berea this term.

#### Richmond.

Rev. Quarles, of Paris, is conducting a series of meetings at the First Baptist Church.

Dr. Gwynn, who has been in attendance at some medical fraternity meeting in Louisville, is at home.

Rev. J. W. Caldwell closed his revival Sunday. Forty-five persons made confession of faith in Christ.

The G. W. White Chemical Co. has moved to Louisville, this town being too small for their business.

The opera house caught fire Thursday evening about 9 o'clock, but owing to the proximity of the fire department, it was soon extinguished.

G. A. Miller has sent to the press a collection of poems which will appear in book form, under the title "Kentucky and Other Poems."

Robert Adams, of Louisville, and Miss Viola Million, daughter of ex-Supt. Mrs. A. T. Million; and Mr. Paul Collins, of Fairhaven, Washington, and Miss Mary Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bennett were joined together in holy wedlock this week.

The 37th regiment United States Volunteers, and which contains a number of men from this section of the State, will be mustered on June 1, 1900, and those desiring will be sent home. The 37th will, after that date, be made a regular regiment, a bounty of \$600 having been offered to each soldier who will re-enlist for three years more of service. The boys of the 37th are now comfortably quartered at Calamba, near Manila, and have lost only one comrade, a private of company A, since their landing in the Philippines in October, 1899.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

### THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE U. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

#### Just Before Bedtime.

By ELYNN HOPE

There is no family which includes children within its circle to which this problem does not occur—what to do with the hour which intervenes between supper and the children's bed hour. Below will be found a suggestion for amusements, which have given rise to many an hour of hearty fun and laughter in one home circle.

#### A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

The players are provided with pencils and paper, and the leader, after telling the limit of time allowed—usually ten minutes—announces a word which each proceeds to inscribe at the top of their paper as a starting point. Then, in perfect silence, each writes down in a column under this word a series of others suggested by the first, and the third by the second, and so on, thus following out a definite train of thought. At the end of the allotted time the papers are handed in to the leader, who reads them aloud, and much merriment is the result, particularly if guesses as to the authorship be requested.

That it is possible for two people to start at the word "Boston" and land, the one in "Armenia" and the other in "Russia," may be seen from the subjoined examples:

Boston	Boston
Culture	Beans
Joseph Cook	Pork
Evolution	Chicago
Darwin	Divorce
Origin of Species	A Modern Instance
Monkey	American People
Africa	Equality
Egypt	Democracy
Emin Pasha	Aristocracy
Stanley	A fine lady
Gordon	A pug dog
Heroism	Luxury
Arctic Expedition	Travel
Whales	The Eiffel Tower
Whalebone	Paris
Dressmaker	French Revolution
Dress	The guillotine
Girl	Marie Antoinette
Boy	France
School	Napoleon Bonaparte
Teacher	St. Helena
Cane	Exile
Tree	Siberia
Forest	Czar of Russia
Jungle	Assassination
Tiger	Abraham Lincoln
Africa	The Union
Gold Fields	Stars and Stripes
Livingston	Flag
The Congo	War
River	Soldier
Water	Army
Ice	March
Snow	Battle
The Alps	Hospital
Mountains	Nurse
Ararat	Florence Nightingale
Noah's Ark	The Crimea
Armenia	Russia

Have you a cough? A dose of **COUSSEN'S HONEY OF TAR** will relieve it. Price, 25 cents and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

### THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

"There is a blue-bird! spring has come! and sure enough on the highest top of the great button-ball tree opposite the house sat the little blue angel singing with all his might, a living sapphire dropped down from the walls of the city above."

When these spring days come our whole nature responds in a way that seems to say that spring is the one thing for which the world was made, the natural order of things forever.

How the sunshine wows us to new life, to fresh growth; to repeat the miracle, renewed every year, of beauty springing out of apparent darkness, and coldness, and deadness.

The birds sing their gladness from unconstrained throats. We are too reticent to say or sing the best things that we feel, but we cannot fail somehow to express the joy of living if it has really taken root in the soil of our hearts, any more than the flower bulb can be content with a mass of roots and no leaves or blossoms.

Everything is upward striving. 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true as for grass to be green or skies to be blue. 'Tis the natural way of living!

Some one says that "A man never knows himself until he tries to do hard things," and in a vital sense this is true, but we must live with our "selves" many years and pass through many experiences before we know the person whom we call self. But certainly some of the finest relatives of our inner being come to us in our sympathetic touch with the spirit that fills these spring days. We learn then anew that we do love light, and not darkness, that we are in harmony with life and not death, that we long for purity through and through; that we must grow better, or else we cannot stay even as good as we are.

To each one of us, doubtless, spring brings its own message, but be sure that we cannot afford to miss any of the gladness and inspiration that can come to us out of it, by shutting ourselves away with any grief or disappointment, or bitterness, nor by letting the urgent daily care shut the windows of our souls to the light and air and sweetness of sunshine that waits to come in.

Then a very common window shutter is labeled "I never noticed!" Let us try taking that down this spring. The cob-webs are thick over the window. Take the shutter off; we shall not want it any more. We can never be content with the dark after the world of color, and fragrance, and sound have come to us. We did not know how much we were missing. Henceforth we will live more in sympathy with child life and bird life and plant life and be more at home in the realm of beauty which at its roots is goodness, and so we shall know ourselves part of the great kingdom of God whose blue canopy is over us and whose love and law fill all things.

Dr. Smart, President of Purdue University, died recently.

### THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MARON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

#### What for the Coming Year?

The opening of another season is near at hand. What have you planned for it? As you think over the past years has your farming been all you would like the next year's to be, or are there places where you can see room for improvement? Are your plans made for the season's work or do you leave that till the time comes? Have a plan by all means. You may fail in some of the things you plan, but still you will have a better grip on your work for having made the plans and will be better able to carry out all you plan for in the years to follow. Have you got the fences all in shape and how about the way the fields are laid out? Are things handy or does it take about twice as much time to get to some of your ground as it ought to? Would moving a few panels of fence and changing a gate save lots of time when the busy season sets in? How about that old gate that was off the hinges or crippled last year, which you have not got around to mend yet? You have "got sort of used to it" by this time and it does not seem so bad, but now do not go through this season still dragging that old gate around by main force. Fix it up and see if there will not be several other things crying out to be fixed too. Maybe there is a place where you have been throwing down a couple of lengths of rails to get in and out for a year past. How many times would you have to do that when you are in a hurry, to kill time enough to build a gate there?

Now a word about the fields. Those that have been run in corn till they are getting worn should have a rest by being sown to cow peas or set in grass or clover. Those gullies that are beginning to appear should be stopped promptly by little brush and stone dams before they cut so deeply that your field is ruined. Clear those briars out along the fence row and in the corners and make use of what land there is in your field while you go through the motions of farming.

What about next year's crop of calves and pigs? It will cost you a little more to raise a lot of young animals from pure bred sires than from scrub stock, but it will pay. These will be half-breeds. Breed such to pure sires again and you have a herd of three-quarter bred animals. Now you can begin to talk about your high grades and when the stock-trader comes around the better price that two or three such will bring will keep one of the boys in Berea all winter. Such things never come to a man who does not make plans for them though. What are your plans?

The mountain Sentinel says the Mormon teachers are still in Clay county.

The greatest brush fire known in Australia for years, raged there during the first week of February. A great part of over 2,000,000 acres was devastated. One family of ten was cremated. The total amount of damage is estimated at \$25,000,000.



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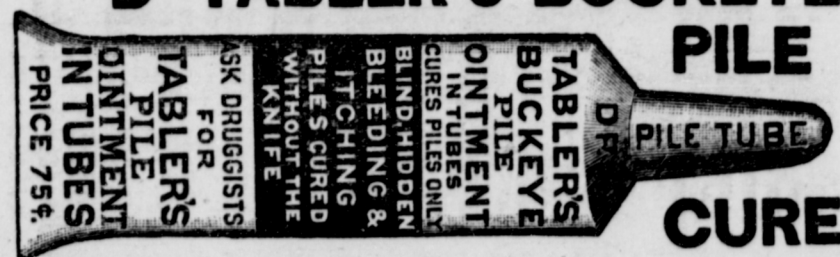
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